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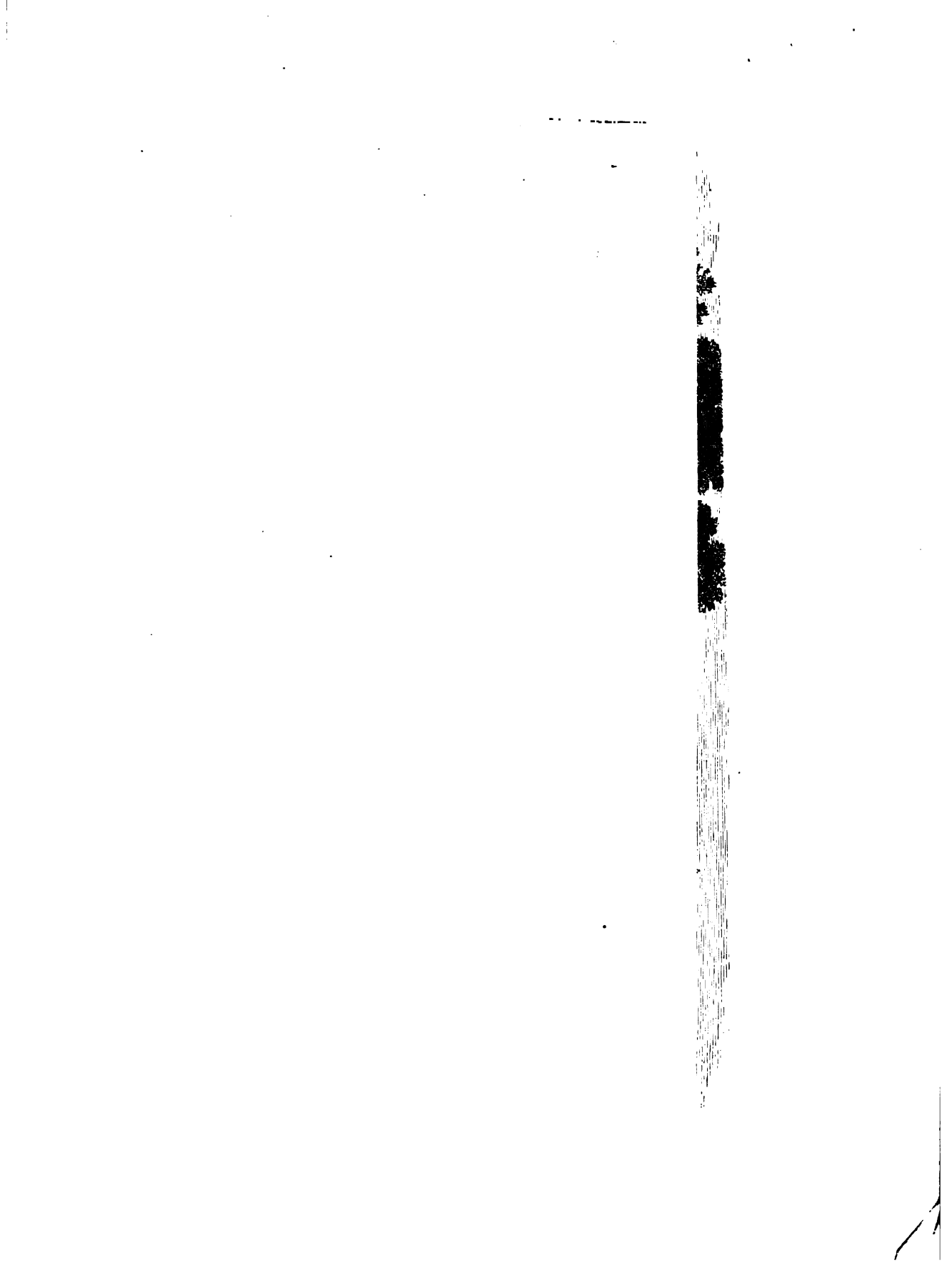
R E Lee



BIRTH-PLACE OF GENERAL LEE.

ROBERT E. LEE.

In Memoriam.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT OFFERED BY THE CITIZENS OF LOUISVILLE.

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". . . . . With honor lay him in his grave,
And thereby shall increase of honor come
Unto their arms who vanquished one so wise,
So valiant, so renowned."

HENRY TAYLOR.

LOUISVILLE:
PRINTED BY JOHN P. MORTON AND COMPANY.
1870.

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PREFACE.

THIS publication is made in accordance with the wishes of Confederate soldiers residing in this city, as expressed in the subjoined resolution, unanimously adopted at a meeting held October 17, 1870:

Resolved, that a committee of seven ex-Confederate soldiers be appointed to collect and publish in appropriate form the various tributes of respect offered to the memory of General ROBERT E. LEE, deceased, by the citizens of Louisville.

The following-named gentlemen were appointed to carry into effect the objects of the meeting, viz.: Messrs. D. W. YANDELL, W. L. CLARKE, W. H. THOMAS, J. B. PIRTLE, PRICE C. NEWMAN, R. W. WOOLLEY, and WM. J. DAVIS.

For the handsome wood-cut of General LEE's birth-place the Committee is indebted to the University Publishing Company, New York, who generously tendered the use of the plate without charge.

218843

IN MEMORIAM.

THE CITIZENS.

On the morning of the 13th of October, 1870, the death of General LEE having been announced by telegraph, a large concourse of citizens, irrespective of party, wishing to give utterance to the sorrow filling their hearts, united in the following

CALL.

The citizens, friends, and admirers of the lamented General ROBERT E. LEE are requested to meet at the court-house at half past seven o'clock this evening, to take action in regard to his death. General John C. Breckinridge has been notified by telegraph of this call, and will probably be present. Other speakers have been invited. All who desire to testify their respect and veneration for the memory of this great and good man are invited.

JOHN G. BAXTER,	S. B. BUCKNER,	B. W. DUKE,
J. M. KELLER,	JOHN B. SMITH,	E. W. KENNEDY,
WARREN MITCHELL,	V. P. ARMSTRONG,	J. H. LINDENBERGER,
D. B. HARRIS,	ROBERT W. WOOLLEY,	JOE D. ALLEN,
J. C. BRECKINRIDGE,	W. V. MATTHEWS,	J. E. SUTCLIFFE,
JOHN B. PIRTLE,	H. W. BRUCE,	PHIL. LEE,
CLINTON MCCLARTY,	J. P. JOHNSON,	GEORGE W. CHILTON,
JAMES BRIDGEFORD,	CHARLES SEMPLE,	JOHN F. YOUNG,
JOHN BARBEE,	JOSEPH BENEDICT,	J. H. WELLER,
R. C. WINTERSMITH,	J. B. GOODLOE,	J. H. LEATHERS,
		And many others.

At early twilight the circuit court-room was crowded. The meeting was organized by the election of Colonel W. F. Beasley as temporary chairman, and Major Clinton McClarty as secretary.

A motion being made that the chair appoint a committee on permanent organization, General I. M. St. John offered the following resolution as a substitute, which was adopted:

Resolved, that his Honor, J. G. BAXTER, the Mayor of Louisville, be selected as permanent chairman of this meeting.

Resolved, that the permanent chairman be requested to appoint a committee of not less than five members to draft suitable resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the citizens of Louisville in reference to the death of General ROBERT E. LEE.

Resolved, that this meeting now adjourn to meet again at Weisiger Hall at half past seven o'clock, the 15th instant, to receive and act upon the report of the committee on resolutions.

Mayor Baxter, being duly installed as chairman, appointed the following committee on resolutions, who were instructed to meet at the office of Isaac Caldwell, Esq., and perfect arrangements to carry out the programme agreed upon:

ISAAC CALDWELL,	I. M. ST. JOHN,	E. W. KENNEDY,
JAMES BRIDGEFORD,	T. B. COCHRAN,	R. M. KELLY,
S. B. BUCKNER,	E. D. STANDIFORD,	JOHN BARBEE,
CHARLES SEMPLE,	JULIUS DORN,	N. BLOOM,
WARREN MITCHELL,	GEORGE P. DOERN,	W. F. BEASLEY,
R. A. ROBINSON,	T. E. BRAMLETTE,	C. HENRY FINK,
J. F. BULLITT,	B. W. DUKE,	H. L. COOK,
CHARLES R. LONG,	HENRY WATTERSON,	J. W. BARR,
J. P. JOHNSON,	JAMES TRABUE,	A. O. BRANNIN,
W. B. HAMILTON,	H. C. CARUTH,	PAT. BANNON.

At the time appointed a dense throng of men, women, and children, representing every shade of political opinion and all conditions of society, gathered at Weisiger Hall. After sweet and solemn music from a choir who had volunteered for the occasion, Mayor Baxter, as chairman of the meeting, said:

"We have met to mingle our sorrow for the loss we have sustained in the death of General LEE, and to testify our respect for his memory. I greatly regret that our place of meeting is not large enough to accommodate all who have come this evening for this purpose. It is perhaps

unnecessary, but I would suggest, because of the vast number of people now assembled here, that the strictest order be observed, that all may hear and each take his part in the proceedings. I now introduce to you Rev. Mr. Perkins, who will lead us in prayer."

PRAYER.

Almighty and everlasting God, the only potentate, king of kings and lord of lords, the maker of all things, the judge of all men, ordering all things by the council of thine own will, we have assembled here together, in the order of thy providence, to do homage to the memory of one thou didst give us, whom we all loved, and whose memory we all cherish. We come to bow ourselves in meekness and submission to thy will, for thou didst give and thou hast taken away. We thank thee for the gift of all his excellences of character, and all his exalted worth. Thou didst give him to us, and to thee belongeth all praise. We earnestly beseech thee, most gracious God, that thou wilt bless us, that we may learn from his exalted character and Christian deportment to put our trust in thee, and to submit ourselves entirely to thy ordering; for, peerless among his fellows, he humbly bowed before thee as his God. Possessed of exalted worth and excellence of character, he came as a sinner, trusting for salvation through the redemption [redacted] out for him and us by thine own precious Son. We pray thee, gracious God, that this lesson may be impressed upon the heart of each and every one of us who have so esteemed him, and who now do homage to his memory; and, while we thus thank thee, we would pray also that thou wouldst give unto us a spirit of resignation, that we may say, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord." We thank thee, heavenly Father, that we can praise and glorify thy precious name that thou didst redeem him with the Savior's precious blood, renewed by thy blessed spirit. We thank thee that thou didst draw him into the way of life and salvation. We pray thee that we may be brought to that salvation which thou hast wrought out for him. We beseech thee to impress upon our hearts the excellence of

that religion which he received upon earth, and the fruition of which he is now enjoying in thy presence. Solemnize this meeting, and impress upon our hearts the importance of the truths which it teaches us. Grant that we may feel that we have been blessed in this coming together; that we have been brought nearer to thee, the Lord our God. All of which we humbly ask for the sake of thy dear Son, our blessed Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Mr. Isaac Caldwell, chairman of the committee on resolutions, came forward and reported a preamble and resolutions, which were adopted.

REMARKS OF ISAAC CALDWELL.

MR. CHAIRMAN: The esteem in which General ROBERT E. LEE was held in Kentucky was not only great, but I believe universal. During those years in which the larger portion of his fame was achieved, and since, I have mingled constantly with all classes and all shades of opinion in business or social relations—in relations the freedom of which was never restrained by any party bitterness on my part—and it affords me peculiar pleasure on this solemn occasion to bear witness that I have never heard a Kentuckian express an unkind opinion or an unkind wish concerning him. He was our countryman; we were proud of his genius. He was a Virginian; we had a property in his fame. He was generous and gentle and good; our love of his virtues was superior to all other emotions concerning him. Able in command, magnanimous in victory, his biographer may maintain that it was in defeat that he rose to a sublime greatness which formed the grand climax to his brilliant career and fixed his rank as the first military man of his day. We can do nothing here to add to his renown. He built for himself an enduring monument. History will inscribe upon its tablet "immortal." We can only mingle our tears with the thousands of his admiring countrymen who mourn his death.

Mr. Chairman, I am instructed by the committee representing the citizens of Louisville to offer these resolutions:

In the interest of republican government, which, to be genuine, must spring from the whole people; in the interest of an all-embracing American sentiment which can not safely ignore the claims of any American citizen on account of acts and opinions not in themselves unworthy; and in the interest of that national unity and peace which, if lasting and beneficent, must be constructed on the most liberal and universal principles of modern civilization; the city of Louisville has assembled, in its character of free community, to express in a formal manner a sorrow that is not only public, the result of a public loss, but also individual, the result of a prevailing sense of a personal bereavement. It is our opinion that popular culture, the basis of popular virtue and social order and sound government, is best encouraged and diffused by the prompt and cordial recognition of eminent virtues in eminent men; and that this rule, which is deep-set in a wise public policy, becomes a duty when, from any circumstance, the claims of a great citizen are likely to be obscured or divided in public esteem. The Union which survives the vicissitudes that belong to human nature is still, we think, a common Union, transmitted to us by our fathers, and so long as it is a free and peaceful Union its honors are the property of all the people; and it is impolitic, as well as unjust, to make invidious discriminations, based upon current prejudices which are unlikely to endure. The interests of American liberty require that we should establish a standard of national adjustment in harmony with the system of government under which we live, and the instincts of American manhood command us to make no distinction in valuing those qualities which adorn the American character.

Therefore the people of Louisville, occupying a middle place in the geography of the country, and holding this middle ground between opposing extremes, have come together at the bidding of a spontaneous patriotic impulse to declare:

First, that we recognize in the character of ROBERT E. LEE qualities of head and heart which should make all men proud to have been his fellow-countrymen: probity, chastity, godliness; a soul sincere and faithful; a mind upright and elevated; a disposition earnest and tranquil; a bearing through which the grace of a god-like spirit shone; realizing in all his walks and ways of life the character sketched by Paul—"blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, apt to teach, not given to filthy lucre."

And second, that in the career of General LEE we behold the illustration of these great private virtues in situations always responsible and often trying and calamitous: skill and temperance and courage in the field; discretion, patience, and courtesy in the council; fortitude and dignity in defeat; a citizen without ambition; a man without reproach; a soldier who commended himself to the respect of his adversaries and to the admiration of the world, lacking nothing which could add to his fame except good fortune. Therefore be it

Resolved, that in the death of ROBERT E. LEE the American people, without regard to states or sections or antecedents or opinions, lose a great and good man, a distinguished and useful citizen, renowned not less in arms than in the arts of peace; and that the cause of public instruction and popular culture is deprived of a representative whose influence and example will be felt by the youth of our country for long ages after the passions in

the midst of which he was engaged, but which he did not share, have passed into history, and the peace and fraternity of the American Republic are cemented and restored by the broadest and purest American sentiment.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of General LEE, to the Trustees of Washington College, and to the Governor and General Assembly of the State of Virginia.

GENERAL BRECKINRIDGE'S REMARKS.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: If from any cause it has been supposed that I am to deliver a set address to-night, I can only say that I am not responsible for the origin of the supposition. I am here simply to mingle my grief with yours at the loss of an illustrious citizen. Indeed I am more inclined to silence than to speech; for my mind is preöccupied by busy memories which call up in review the frequent and immense vicissitudes which have marked the last ten years. I find myself in the presence of a vast assemblage of the people of this great and beautiful city, who meet together without distinction of party to express their respect for the memory of the man who was the leader of the Confederate armies in the late war between the states. This is in itself the omen of real reünion. I am not surprised at such a spectacle presented here; for although at the close of the war it seemed to me from my distant stand-point that every element of anarchy was assembled within the bosom of the commonwealth, yet happily, so great were the prudence, moderation, and magnanimity of the people, the political and social relations in Kentucky will compare favorably with those of other states.

Not in Kentucky alone, but throughout the whole South, a universal and spontaneous cry of grief has broken forth at the death of General LEE; and, to the honor of human justice and charity, in nearly every part of the North manly and noble tributes have been paid to his memory. Let us try to learn a lesson from these events.

My words shall be brief but plain. Why is it that at the South we see these universal spontaneous demonstrations? First, because most of the people mourn the loss of an honored leader and a friend; but

beyond that, as it seems to me, they embody a perhaps unconscious protest against the ascription either to him or to them of treason or personal dishonor; a protest against the employment by a portion of the public press of epithets which have ceased to be used in private intercourse. These demonstrations involve no vain and useless repinings at the result of the great struggle, but are the symbols of a noble grief, which is an honor to any people, and when properly interpreted they are an invitation to reünion and harmony upon the only principle on which we can be a free confederacy—a recognition of the feelings, the equality, and the rights of all. They are an invitation to the whole people, if there be any remaining rancor in their bosoms, to bury it forever in the grave of LEE.

I will not discuss or recall the past. It is for the pen of the impartial historian to delineate the causes, progress, and consequences of the amazing contest. In regard to those who followed General LEE, sharing alike his glories and misfortunes, I have only this to say: in obedience to their firm convictions and traditional teachings they waged a war which the world saw and yet testifies of; being overcome, they accepted the results of their defeat and yielded a calm yet proud submission; as to the rest, the conquerors themselves, for their own glory, must confess that they were brave.

Neither am I here to speak of the military career of General LEE. His feats of arms, in connection with those of his great adversaries, not only fill this hemisphere, but in the Old World are known from the Arctic Circle to the Cape, and from the Pillars of Hercules to the Indian Ocean. His surviving comrades need not vaunt the achievements of one whose renown as a soldier has made the circuit of the earth. It is of him as a man and a citizen that I desire to utter a few earnest words, which are the less necessary after the thrilling and affectionate delineations to which most of you listened this morning. All men know that he was great, noble, and self-poised, but by many he is supposed to have been, though just, yet apathetic and cold; yet I do not hesitate to declare that the warmth of his heart and the depth of his affections were, to those who knew him well, among the most striking of his characteristics.

For the last year of the war it was my fortune to be thrown much with him, and during the two months immediately preceding the fall of Richmond our respective duties made our intercourse close and constant. It was under these trying circumstances that I came fully to know and appreciate his heart and character. In those long and painful interviews he stood revealed to me a considerate, kind, gentle, firm, Christian gentleman. I can not adequately express to you the vast emotion that dwelt beneath his calm exterior. I can convey no better idea of the impression he made upon me than to say that he inspired me with an ardent love for his person and a profound veneration for his character. O, my friends, it was so massive, noble, and grand in its proportions that the most heroic might be proud to bear it; yet so gentle and tender that woman might claim and adopt it for her own. If the spirit which animates the assembly before me to-night shall become general and extend over the whole country, then indeed may we say that the wounds of the late war are truly healed. We ask only for him what we concede to the manly qualities of others. Among the more eminent of the Federal generals who fell during the war or have since died may be mentioned Thomas and McPherson. What Confederate would refuse to raise his cap as their funeral-trains passed by, or grudge to drop a flower upon their soldier-graves? And why? Because they were men of courage and honor, true to their convictions of right, and soldiers whose hands were unstained by cruelty or pillage.

Let us understand and truly interpret the causes of the extraordinary honors offered by all ranks of society and all shades of opinion to the memory of General LEE. Why this vast and mixed audience assembled to deplore his loss? Why do you preside, sir, who neither shared all his convictions nor approved the methods by which he sought to maintain them? I venture to answer that it is because his intellect was large and sound; because his heart was great and good; because his piety was humble and sincere; because he ever exhibited fortitude in adversity and clemency in victory; because he was a stainless gentleman; because, after the last supreme effort was finished, with incomparable dignity and patience he taught his prostrate comrades how to suffer and be strong;

and finally, because by the assemblage in himself of valor, moderation, wisdom, truth, self-control, and all their associate virtues, he was an honor to the age in which he lived, and presented a fit model for the imitation of his own and all succeeding times.

His future place in history is not doubtful. For a time there will be those here and there who, enraged at beholding the calm and steady luster of his character, will assail it with malignant fury; yet history will declare that the remains which repose to-night in the vault beneath the little chapel in that lovely Virginia valley are not merely those of a matchless soldier, but also of a great and good American.

REMARKS OF GENERAL JOHN W. FINNELL.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is written in the hearts of the brave and generous in every land that in the august presence of death the rivalries and animosities that are begotten in the arena of busy life are remembered no longer. This vast multitude, representing all classes and conditions in society, has assembled to-night to give expression to a just homage to the character of an illustrious citizen. No divergence in opinion or in action between him and a large number of those now here has operated to keep them away.

As the leader of the armies of the South in the late fearful civil war General ROBERT E. LEE became the idol of the people whose cause he espoused. Everywhere in all that land, in the hour of defeat as in the hour of victory, the name of General LEE was a tower of strength. No disaster dimmed the luster of his name, nor did defeat shake the confidence of his followers. There was a prestige in his presence rarely equaled, never excelled, by that of any military leader of modern times. Indeed it may be said of him,

> "He nothing lacked in soldiership
> Except good fortune."

But it is not of his military career I would speak. That is too recent and too familiar to be dwelt upon. Wrong as I then and now

believe his course was, no one doubts, I imagine, that he acted from a clear conviction of duty; and though his military career ended in disaster it did not end in dishonor. It is, however, of ROBERT E. LEE shorn of power, stripped of the trappings of war, away from the roar and carnage of battle, standing out against the horizon *as a man, a Christian gentleman*, it is that view of him to which we may point our children; it is that view which challenges the admiration of the civilized world. Great as he confessedly was in war, how infinitely greater was he in peace! The luster of his military achievements grow dim before the halo that surrounds his life as a private citizen. Conscious himself, as any one could be, of his great services to the people whose battles he had fought, he persistently, yet with modesty and becoming dignity, put away from himself all proffered public honors and displays. Turning away from the field where defeat had buried the cause for which he fought, he earnestly but quietly devoted himself to the building up of a great institution of learning in his native state, and to that work bent all his energies. His efforts were crowned with almost unexampled success. Hundreds of the youth of the land flocked to his school. New life seemed to be given to the soldier-teacher, and the future was full of promise to him and his associates. Putting the past far behind him, he embarked in this enterprise with the ardor of youth. It was there he fell; on the threshold of this new and most honorable and useful career he was stricken down; and it was there in this new career that the excellences of his character shone out in such winning colors. He is dead! The people mourn: some of them as for an idolized and favorite leader; others for a cherished but erring son, yet one whose moderation and dignity, whose manly bearing and Christian forbearance, have won an oblivion of the past, and all unite in a sorrow deep, sincere, heartfelt. General LEE's name and fame as a man and a Christian is the rightful inheritance of men everywhere who love honor, cherish truth, and venerate true manhood; it belongs to no party, to no section; it is the common property of us all.

And, my fellow-citizens, what fitter occasion than the present—here, we may say, in the presence of the dead, the leader of the armies of the

South—what fitter occasion, I say, than this to offer, here and now, upon the altar our hearts here build to the memory of this good man and Christian, as an acceptable sacrifice, all the animosities, all the bitterness and the heart-burnings of the past, and dedicate, with one accord, our offerings to a renewed "harmony and concord," to "peace and her victories." And will not the incense of such an offering reach the throne of Him who proclaimed "peace on earth and good-will to men?" Nay, will it not bring joy to the hearts of our LEE, our Thomas, our Jackson, and our McPherson, once comrades, then estranged; but, may we not hope, reünited in that brighter, that better and more beautiful land which lies beyond the grave.

SPEECH OF GENERAL PRESTON.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I feel that it would be very difficult for me to add any eulogy to that which is contained in the resolutions of the committee, or a more merited tribute of praise than that which has already fallen from the lips of the gentlemen who have preceded me. Yet on an occasion like this I am willing to come forward and add a word to testify my appreciation of the great virtues and admirable character of one who commands not only our admiration, but that of the entire country. Not alone of the entire country, but his character has excited more admiration in Europe than among ourselves. In coming ages his name will be illustrious, and one of the richest treasures of the future. I speak of one just gone down to death; ripe in all the attributes of manhood, and illustrious by deeds the most remarkable that have occurred in the history of America since its discovery. It is now some two and twenty years since I first made the acquaintance of General LEE. He was in the prime of manhood in Mexico, and I first saw him as the chief engineer of General Scott in the valley of Mexico. I see around me two old comrades who then knew General LEE. He was a man of remarkable personal beauty and great grace of body. He had a finished form, delicate hands, and graceful

person, while here and there a gray hair streaked with its silver lining the dark locks with which nature had clothed his noble brow. There were discerning minds then that appreciated his genius and saw in him the coming captain of America. His commander and his comrades appreciated his ability. To a club which was then organized he belonged, together with General McClellan, General Beauregard, and a host of others. They recognized in LEE a master-spirit.

He was never violent; never wrangled; was averse to quarreling, and not a single difficulty marked his career; but all acknowledged his justness, his fortitude, and wonderful evenness of mind. Rare intelligence combined with these qualities served to make him a fit representative of his great prototype, General Washington. He was a graduate of West Point, and had been accomplished by every finish that a thorough military education could bestow.

I remember when General LEE was appointed lieutenant-colonel, at the same time that Albert Sydney Johnston was appointed colonel, and General Scott thought that LEE should have been colonel. I talked with General Scott on the subject long before the late struggle between the North and South took place, and he then said that LEE was the greatest living soldier in America. He did not object to the other commissions, saying he thought them the best soldiers of the army, but he thought LEE should be first promoted. Finally, he said to me with emphasis: "I tell you that if I were on my death-bed to-morrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country and asked my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath let it be ROBERT E. LEE." Ah! great soldier that he was; princely general that he was, he has fulfilled his mission and borne it so that no invidious tongue can level the shafts of calumny at the great character which he has left behind him.

But, ladies and gentlemen, it was not in this only that the matchless attributes of his character were found. You have assembled here not so much to do honor to General LEE as to testify your appreciation of the worth of his principles; and if the minds of this assemblage

were explored you would find there was a gentleness and grace in his character which had won your love and brought forth testimonials of universal admiration. Take but a single instance. At the battle of Gettysburg, after the attack on the cemetery, when his troops were repulsed and beaten, the men threw up their muskets and said: "General, we have failed, and it is our fault." "No, my men," said he; "you have done well. It is my fault; I am to blame, and no one but me." What man is there that would not have gone to renewed death for such a leader? So, when we examine his whole character, it is in his private life that we find his true greatness: the Christian simplicity of his character in his great veneration for truth; and in a serene nobility the grand elements of his greatness. What man could have laid down his sword at the feet of a victorious general with greater dignity than did he at Appomattox Court-house? He even in calamity secured for his soldiers the best terms that fortune would permit. In that he displayed marked greatness seldom shown by great captains. After the battle of Sedan the wild cries of the citizens of Paris went out for the blood of the Emperor; but at Appomattox veneration and love only shone from the eyes of the troops who looked upon their Commander.

I will not trespass upon your time much further. When I last saw him the raven hair had turned white. In a small village church his reverent head was bowed in prayer. The humblest step was that of ROBERT E. LEE as he entered the portals of the temple erected to God. In broken responses he answered to the services of the church. Noble, sincere, and humble in his religion, he showed forth his true character near the close of his life in laying aside his sword to educate the youth of his country. Never did he appear more noble than at that time. He is now gone and rests in peace. He has crossed that mysterious stream that Stonewall Jackson saw with inspired eyes when he asked that he might be permitted to take his troops across the river and forever rest beneath the shadows of the trees.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

The Board of Trade held a meeting on the afternoon of the 14th. President J. J. Porter called the meeting to order and stated that the object of the meeting was to take appropriate action in regard to the melancholy intelligence of the death of General ROBERT E. LEE.

Mr. V. P. Armstrong moved that a committee of three be appointed to draft resolutions expressing the sense of the Board of Trade in regard to the death of General ROBERT E. LEE. The motion was carried, and President Porter appointed Messrs. Vene P. Armstrong, Andrew Graham, and E. W. Kennedy as the committee, who presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, feeling in common with our fellow-citizens throughout the land the great loss we have sustained in the death of General ROBERT E. LEE, we, as the Board of Trade of this city, should unite in the universal testimonial of sorrow and grief at the death of this great and good man; it is therefore

Resolved, that our usual business be suspended, and that the members of this Board be requested to assemble at the Board of Trade rooms in time to attend in a body upon the funeral services, to be held at such time and place as shall be designated.

Resolved, that this Board adjourn until Monday next, at half past twelve o'clock, P. M., in consideration of this national calamity.

THE PRESS.

HENRY WATTERSON'S leader in the "Courier-Journal" of October 13, 1870.

THE DEAD CHIEFTAIN.

The announcement of the death of ROBERT E. LEE this morning will startle newspaper readers everywhere. Although the event was foreshadowed by the tidings which came to us from Lexington a few days ago, the public mind had taken pause upon it, and hope at least deferred its realization. The telegram which this issue of the Courier-Journal conveys to the country ends the anxiety occasioned by the first news of his illness, and closes the career of a man who will be recognized as the most eminent of the contemporary soldiers of America.

We are quite sure that we do not overestimate the character of General LEE or the place he will occupy in the annals of his time. We are writing late at night, and in answer to a most unlooked-for and disturbing telegram; but we are conscious of no sectional or partisan inspiration. As a soldier in the old army, as the chief of the soldiers of the Confederate army, this man commended himself first to the respect of his comrades and then to the admiration of his kind. It is possible that General LEE was not so great an organizer as General Johnston; that he was not so great a strategist as General Jackson; that he lacked the distinguishing characteristics of Charles of Sweden and of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was certainly not a Cæsar or a Charlemagne. He lived in different times; his lot was cast in the midst of a different people. But when the mind runs back in a historic spirit over the achievements

that signalized the genius and prowess of ancient and modern warfare; over the noble victories of Alexander and Wellington; over the splendid adversities of Philip, Hannibal, and Maurice de Saxe; over the civic triumphs of Cromwell and Washington, of Old Hickory and of Grant; it will confess that ROBERT E. LEE carved out of fortune for himself a place imposing and exceptional. He was in every way a picked man. In personal appearance, in personal endowments, in peculiar qualities of head and heart, he shone conspicuous. He was a more lovable and a more brilliant man than Washington, at the same time that he combined the moderation, self-sacrificing spirit, and directness of purpose which dignified and adorned the character of the Father of his Country. General LEE was a most genuine and undoubting Southerner. He cared nothing about the politics of the Confederacy. He accepted the battle when the battle began without asking who began it or what was its source or object. He believed it to be a fight for the defense of his native land and people, and he fought it to the end with a courage, with a skill, with a patience, with a humanity which have been rarely displayed by the commander of great armies.

Down to the surrender of the Confederate forces the career of General LEE was that of an eminent officer and a thoroughly good man. What shall be said of his conduct since the surrender? We put it to all men, but we put it more particularly to the impartial intelligence of the northern people—and we put it as at once an emblem and a hostage of southern genius and valor—to say whether the history of the world presents another spectacle so rotund and beautiful. It is impossible to do justice to the character and conduct of this man in adversity; his modest bearing and unobtrusive spirit; his patient zeal and sunny earnestness in marking out a pathway for energies that could not be quenched by sorrow and defeat; his thorough abstinence from all vainglorious, entangling public appearances; his manly self-denial and graceful recognition of actual facts. But one other name in our history bears a near relationship with his, and that the name of his kinsman, George Washington. It is an honor to America, and it ought to be a pride with every American, to feel that two such names belong to his

country and to him, and are a part of the national heritage. There is not a radical in the land; there is not a partisan from Cape Cod to the Pacific seas, who has not an interest in the fame of this great Virginian; and if the secret heart of every American citizen could be probed to-day it would be found that there is not a man on the continent who will not read the tidings of his death with a feeling that the Republic has lost a citizen, not that the South has lost a partisan.

In the South there will be sadness indeed; and as the demonstrations of sorrow which will proceed out of every hamlet and home and be manifested in every public place contain a meaning distinct and unequivocal, it is proper that this should be in advance made plain. The country must not be deceived into misconception by unworthy explanations or by cunning interpretations, done by partisans for a partisan interest and in a partisan spirit. The people of the South have a sentiment at heart higher even than their political well-being; a sentiment that has hardened to a conviction; a sentiment that has formed itself down in the depths of every one of us, ascending thence like a monument on which the images of the past, images of sorrow and of glory, images of heroes and of hopes, images of loves and griefs and triumphs and disappointments, dear and blessed images, are carved in lines which can never be and ought never to be erased. The death of the best-loved Confederate soldier brings us, as it were, face to face with this beautiful and sacred but broken shaft which misfortune has set up within us; and as the funeral ceremonies, like torches about an ancient grave, lighten the gloom and disclose the figures and inscriptions, we shall not be misjudged if we undertake a not unreasoning reässertion of our own record, which is, in a certain sense, epitomized in the record of ROBERT E. LEE.

There can never be genuine peace in this country, and the freemen of the North can rest assured that there will never be any genuine republicanism, as long as the South is required, either by the national spirit or by political interest, to go back upon physical antecedents which embrace nothing that does not glorify the character of American manhood. To those partisans, or rather to those mercenaries, who

would use the death of LEE as an occasion for needless assaults upon the cause which he maintained with so much integrity and courage we have merely to say:

> "Wolf of the weald and yellow-footed kite,
> Enough is spread for you of meaner prey."

We feel sure, however, that of this sort there will be few examples; and, as we have faith in the culture and the rectitude of the head and the heart of the South, we trust largely in the liberality, the good-fellowship, and the just principles of the great body of northern people, who, like ourselves, are American citizens, and ought to join with us and share with us in whatever graces our country. The old feudal notions of treason do not belong to our generation or to our institutions, and their influence on our mode of thinking and writing and talking about public affairs is not essential to the preservation of our unity or our freedom or our peace. If we wish to secure our future we must regard the war between the sections as a war of mistakes, but not of disgraces; as a war over an open question which we could not settle by debate, not a war in which all the right was arrayed on one side and all the wrong on the other; a war brought about by misconceptions and perversities the most miserable but the most honest, not a war of disloyalty here and of conquest there; a war in which each party was terribly sincere; a war, in short, which we may deplore, but of which we have no reason to be ashamed. We freely concede the generosity of the victorious North. The world has never witnessed terms so liberal extended to soldiers beaten in civil broil; and while we take into the account the manifest interest which prompted the North to be generous, to say nothing about the obligations she owed her record and the civilization of our epoch, we grudge her none of our gratitude and respect. If the most successful of her soldiers should die to-morrow, as Farragut died but yesterday—although Grant is involved in current and violent partisan entanglements, and it is our daily business and duty to show how he made a better general than he makes a president—we should forget the wrangles of the hour, and should only remember that when he won the

sword of LEE he bore himself like a gentleman and a man of honor, as we would have every American bear himself. And, standing here by the grave of this brave Virginian, we say—and we speak for Davis and Breckinridge and Buckner and Duke and Brown of Tennessee and Forrest and Preston and a hundred more—that there is nothing we ask for our hero that we are unwilling or unready to give to yours. Let that be the guarantee of our fidelity to our engagements and our abstinence from all warlike revenges when we add that we regret nothing but our failure, and that we shall not regret that when the peace and liberty of the Union, purified and modernized and restored, are assured to every American citizen.

With this feeling we gather about the dead body of ROBERT E. LEE. He was the idol of the South. The southern people believed him to be the greatest and the best of men; they followed him undoubting to the end; and these ceremonies belong to their affections. Out from the brown woods, down from the dapple skies, troops of fancies come and go; fancies that are all tinted by sorrow as the leaves are tinted by the season; melancholy but noble fancies, whose form and body went out long ago in the smoke of disastrous battles. The North must deal gently by these sensibilities, for outside of our country civilized nations recognize their justice and their truth. One touch of sorrow makes the whole world kin. But this is a touch of sorrow which is intertwisted with other sorrows; with sorrows unknown and unseen; the sorrow which private griefs join to public calamities and national distress. The tenderness and dignity of this man; his beautiful spirit in the field and by the fireside; his benign yet stately presence; his moderation; his loyalty; his simplicity; the fortunes and the misfortunes through which he passed; all bring up before us dear ones of whom the world knows nothing, but who fought and fell with him. This sentiment is the more acute because of misfortune, and because also of a certain restraint which a mistaken public policy has put upon the discretion of the people. There was an outcropping of this false spirit in a Cincinnati journal when General LEE's illness was first announced, and we dare say it will show itself elsewhere, for good feeling is not universal.

The representative journals of the North should put it down. It is not worthy the people who are most truly represented when represented by the magnanimity of Horace Greeley and the gentle charity of John Greenleaf Whittier.

Readers of Philip Van Artevelde will remember that after the great Ghentish leader was slain the Duke of Bourbon wished the body to be nailed to a tree that all might see it. There are those who would thus hang up the effigy of the great Virginian. But the rebuke of the Duke of Burgundy to the Duke of Bourbon is the reply of the genuine soldier as we believe it to be the sense of the great body of the northern people:

> "——No, brother, no;
> It were not for our honor, nor the King's,
> To use it so. Dire rebel though he was,
> Yet with a noble nature and great gifts
> Was he endowed—courage, discretion, zeal,
> An equal temper and an ample soul,
> Rock-bound and fortified against assaults
> Of transitory passion; but below,
> Built on a surging, subterraneous fire,
> That stirred and lifted him to high attempts.
> So prompt and capable and yet so calm,
> He nothing lack'd in soldiership
> Except good fortune.
> Wherefore with honor lay him in his grave,
> And thereby shall increase of honor come
> Unto their arms who vanquished one so wise,
> So valiant, so renowned."

This, it seems to us, is the spirit *for* the North, and we believe it to be the spirit *of* the North. Upon our faith in it we ground not only the liberalism with which we are credited, but our confidence in the future of our country; and as we look forward to nothing but the national life and the national union, made free to all men, we claim the right to look back with pride upon the war record of the South and to honor its warriors. There must be no proscription in this land of ours. We are too young a people to allow Old-world feudalism to creep into our dialect, much less into our system; and as we pretend

to be free ourselves, we can not afford to allow the enslavement or the degradation of any class. The North must not seek to subdue the spirit of the South, and the South must seek to elevate the spirit of that element which it is the bounden duty of us all to protect unto the end that a new compact may form itself out of our reason and our better nature, and not out of the avarice of political interest and the ignorance of popular passion.

Thus shall our trials be merely the tests of our virtue; thus shall our losses turn to glorious uses; thus shall we make the present tolerable by tolerance, and so

> "Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
> With smiling plenty, and fair, prosperous days."

From the "Louisville Commercial," October 15, 1870.

HONORS TO GENERAL LEE.

The funeral of General LEE will take place to-day, and all through the South evidences of respect for his memory and of the affection in which he was held by the southern people will be exhibited by a general suspension of business and special commemorative services. This was to be expected. That the people of the South should revere the great soldier who stood their main bulwark for so many years of war is no more than natural; anything less from them would savor somewhat of ingratitude. The regret to which such general expression will be given to-day is beyond doubt deep and sincere. The same qualities that made his soldiers love and revere him won for General LEE the warm and affectionate regard of the people of his section. He was eminently a man to attract them. Of an old and distinguished family, of high social position, of magnificent physique, of the purest private character, thoroughly accomplished both as a soldier and a gentleman, brilliant as a man, and their most conspicuous general in a struggle in

which all their sympathies were aroused, it is no wonder that they mourn his death.

The demonstration in Louisville will be as marked as elsewhere. It is creditable to the mayor and to the gentlemen who have taken a leading part in inaugurating the proceedings to be had here that they have studiously endeavored to divest them, as far as possible, of all sectional and political bias. It would be well for the country if the heart-burnings and dissensions to which the war gave rise could be buried out of sight in the graves of the great leaders who are passing one by one from among us, and the disposition shown here by those most anxious to do General LEE honor will, we believe, tend to that result. It is no fault of theirs that it is impossible to go as far in that direction as they show a desire to go. General LEE is too essentially a representative man for that. His private character has always commanded the respect of the nation, and that feeling has been heightened by the eminent propriety of his conduct since the close of the war. Therefore those who condemned his course most bitterly can on this day, when dust returns to dust again, pay to his memory the tribute of silence about his great fault. In the midst of ceremonies in his honor by those who love him for his deeds as well as for himself, more should not be asked of those who disapprove much that he did all the more because it was he who did it.

EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

As soon as advised of General LEE's death a number of Confederate soldiers residing in the city held a meeting at the Louisville Hotel, to take appropriate action in relation thereto. Committees were appointed to wait upon the General Council and request the coöperation of the city in making arrangements for the proper observance of the funeral; to request the citizens to close their houses of business; to request the ministers of all the churches in the city to have their church-bells tolled, and order other ceremonies appropriate and proper; and to suggest to the Chief of the Fire Department that the fire-bells be tolled during the funeral services.

A special meeting was called for the evening of October 13th, at the court-house, and a committee instructed to duly extend notices of the fact.

At the night meeting the attendance was large. The meeting was called to order by Major Clinton McClarty, who announced that it was a meeting adjourned from the morning, and that arrangements would be perfected to testify the soldiers' regard for their late Commander.

On motion, Rev. W. H. Platt was requested to deliver a funeral oration at eleven o'clock on the morrow at St. Paul's Church.

A committee appointed to notify Mr. Platt of the appointment soon reported his acceptance. It was decided to attend the funeral services as a body in procession.

A meeting was appointed for Monday night at Masonic Temple, and the following-named gentlemen instructed to report appropriate resolutions: Messrs. P. B. Scott, S. B. Buckner, W. L. Jackson, B. W. Duke, and Wm. J. Davis.

On the night of October 17th the following resolutions were reported by the committee and adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased God to call from the field of his usefulness the patriot-soldier, the accomplished gentleman, and the exemplary Christian, General ROBERT E. LEE:

Resolved, that we, formerly soldiers in the armies of the Confederate States, while bowing in humility to the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, can not restrain the utterances of our sorrow at the affliction which has thus suddenly befallen us in the death of our late beloved Commander.

Resolved, that in the character of General ROBERT E. LEE, whether he be viewed as a soldier battling for the right, as a citizen unobtrusively pursuing the useful paths of civil life, or as a Christian gentleman, furnishing in his acts an example for our imitation, we recognize that type of true greatness, so complete in itself that the highest station could not add to its luster, and so exalted that it claims the admiration of mankind and commands the love and reverence of all who have followed him in his illustrious career.

Resolved, that, while giving imperfect expression to our sorrow, we extend to the afflicted family of our deceased Commander our heartfelt sympathies in their bereavement; for, while the world has lost an ornament of which civilization should be proud, they have been suddenly bereft of one whose daily life was an exemplification of the imperishable virtues which dignify human nature and beautify and make sacred the influences of home.

Resolved, that, as a testimonial of respect to the memory of one we loved so well while living, we wear the customary badge of mourning during thirty days.

Resolved, that the chairman of this meeting transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of our late beloved General.

Resolved, that in the transmission of these resolutions the chairman of this meeting be requested to accompany the same with a letter to Mrs. Lee expressive of the sense of peculiar personal sorrow felt by his soldiers in view of the death of General LEE.

LETTER ACCOMPANYING THE RESOLUTIONS.

LOUISVILLE, OCTOBER, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR: At a meeting of officers and soldiers of the late Confederate army, now residing in this city, over which I was recently called to preside, upon the occasion of the death of your father, General ROBERT E. LEE, certain resolutions were adopted which I was directed in their behalf to transmit to his family. A copy of these resolutions you will find inclosed.

In discharging this sad duty I trust you will permit me to say that, amidst the universal evidences of admiration and respect shown by the

whole country for the character of General LEE, we, once his soldiers and officers, heard the intelligence with profound sorrow. Around the great and good soldier whose death we deplore the strongest convictions of patriotic duty and the noblest hopes of freemen once clustered. Animated by his genius, we bore every privation with fortitude; with him memories of great victories and glorious deeds in arms are inseparably associated; and the dignity of his life, undejected by calamity, yet inspires in our hearts that constant love which adversity never diminished and death now consecrates.

I have the honor to remain, with the deepest sympathy and respect, your obedient servant.

W. PRESTON.

General CUSTIS LEE, Lexington, Virginia.

A committee was appointed to collect and publish in appropriate form the various tributes of respect offered to the memory of General ROBERT E. LEE by the citizens of Louisville.

SPEECH OF GENERAL PRESTON.

FRIENDS AND COMRADES: The honor is deeply appreciated by me of being called upon to preside over you this evening for the solemn purpose of declaring our sorrow at the death of General LEE. Amidst the general regret of the people, I trust it may not be inappropriate to observe that the sentiment created among us, who were once his soldiers and officers, must be naturally deeper than the general admiration and respect of men not so intimately associated with him during his life. It is true that we unite with all who admire heroic deeds and gentle virtues in testifying our reverence and love for ROBERT LEE; but his loss must come more poignantly to us who erewhile followed his standard, but now lament his death. It is therefore right that we should in this separate meeting testify our love and respect for the dead. In another aspect it is proper. The military career of General LEE was

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illustrious by his deeds, but his life closed in adversity. Its shadows have not obscured his fame; and we, in offering the heartfelt homage of our love and veneration, are not only consoled but encouraged by his course to imitate his great and good example.

ROBERT LEE was fitted both by birth and education for a renowned career. His family was distinguished by its intelligence, courage, and patriotism, and rendered eminent service in the Revolution which separated the colonies from England. He inherited not only these ancestral virtues, but nature endowed him with a form of great symmetry and beauty and a mind of rare excellence. The benevolence of his disposition gave to his manners a polished and courtly grace which harmonized wonderfully with his serene and elevated character. He was closely connected with the family of Washington, and was the nearest representative of the illustrious Father of his Country. LEE inherited the moral virtues and lofty principles of the great Virginian, and his natural abilities were strengthened by a thorough military education at West Point, where he excelled his associates and stood first among his classmates. He was from early youth distinguished by unblemished morals, and a sincere and unaffected piety gave a matchless grace and dignity to the man.

Such was LEE in Mexico, when he first became widely known as the chief engineer upon the staff of General Scott. His talents, his professional attainments, and his sincere character gave him great influence among his brother officers, so that, without seeming to desire to sway any opinions, no mind in the army exerted greater influence over the soldiery. The General confided in him absolutely, and that confidence was justified by the brilliant services he rendered. It may indeed be said that his aid was essential to General Scott; that in a great measure the triumphs of our arms in the valley of Mexico may be attributed to his skill; and that our acquisition of the golden coast of the Pacific is the offspring of his genius.

It is well known among his comrades and friends that General LEE at the commencement of the war between the states was reluctant to take up arms; he hoped to avoid the fearful alternative of civil war;

but when his native state, Virginia, finding her territory was to be invaded, declared her separation from the Federal Union, true to his convictions of honor, patriotism, and duty, he drew his sword for her defense. At that time the talents and attainments of LEE were so highly appreciated that it may be said it was within his choice to command either the Federal or Confederate army. I have heard it related, and believe it true, that about that time General Scott used all his influence to induce General LEE to remain in the Federal service. An old friendship and strong affection existed between them, cemented by their former intimacy in Mexico. At that period General Scott possessed great power and control in the government. He had devoted himself ardently to the cause of the Union; and his counsels in the first moments of irresolution had given purpose, plan, and nerve to the alarmed administration. He urged General LEE by every inducement that could fire the ambition of a soldier and by every persuasion friendship could suggest to remain in the Federal army, assuring him that it would be placed under his supreme command; but all was in vain. LEE with gentle dignity arose and said, "Ah! General, would you, my friend, who know me so well, think to tempt me?" and left him forever.

It is not my purpose, upon an occasion like the present, to examine or eulogize the military genius displayed by General LEE in the campaigns in Virginia. The historian may hereafter record and the student read the annals of the war, in which the small and badly equipped armies of the Confederacy defeated and humiliated for four years the multitudinous hosts of their enemies. The motives, the sacrifices, the sufferings, and the splendid victories of a brave people will yet be commemorated by learning and genius; but the events are too recent and the animosities too great to permit the facts to be considered in our time with impartiality or profit. An occasion like this should therefore teach us to give repose to such recollections, for the life of our great leader gives us an instructive example for our imitation. But while we feel the force of such reasons, on the other hand we must not by an over-haste to propitiate favor or avert oppression do aught that may be

in violation of our own self-respect. Governed, in my belief, by as pure and noble motives as ever warmed the souls of freemen, we engaged in a dreadful and unequal war. In the mighty struggle we lost our worldly wealth, but not our honor. No enemy, however malevolent, can truthfully say that we tamely relinquished our rights, or ever retreated before an equal force, or stained our victories by cruelty. When our General at Appomattox capitulated to five-fold his force the soldiers, without fear, flight, or disorder, and without murmur or reproach, grounded forever their arms at the order of their beloved Commander. Since that momentous day let the world attest the patience, the honor, and the fidelity with which all have observed the terms of surrender. The men, though abandoning forever many cherished hopes, consecrated by the lives of friends, kindred, and countrymen upon the battle-field, and by their own blood, so often and freely shed, laid down their arms and passed into the quiet pursuits of civil life. The General devoted at once his whole time to the education of the youth of the country. Both he and they by their industry and resignation and fortitude have given an example of a brave and dreaded army passing from war to peace without tumult, robbery, pillage, or the disorders following a long and bloody war, such as have been usual in disbanding great bodies of armed men. Their conduct has no parallel in history. The troops were animated by the truthful soul of their General; and he was strengthened and supported by the noble spirit of his soldiers. Throughout the country the same feeling governed our people. I see around me now, I behold every day in the streets, men in the apparel of mechanics, or engaged in humble avocations, who were once wealthy, and in the war often led serried battalions to victory. Their lands have been confiscated, their homes burned, their kindred slain; but no craven murmur is uttered, no unmanly repining, no vindictive threat spoken; but we see them assembled here, and throughout the suffering South, with no language but that of love and veneration for our lamented chief. O, great General, but still greater soldiers, it is not your chiefs who have given valor, fortitude, and renown to you, but you who have supported, sustained, and consoled your leaders. Our great chief, alas! is no more, and we

lament him as soldiers should mourn for such a general; but even in his death he has given us a priceless consolation, for no Promethean moan escaped the lips of LEE while living, but he sunk to death shrouded in silence, mutely witnessing the unappealing sufferings of his people. Let us then, dear friends and comrades, profit by the impressive lesson of his brave and pure life, and let our people thoughtfully remember his eloquent silence and sublime fortitude under mighty trials.

I have said that ROBERT E. LEE has passed the great ordeal of life with steadfast courage to the grave; but it may be further said that neither he nor the people of the South could have borne themselves so greatly under their misfortunes by virtue and courage alone. The Christian faith lent to our General its mighty aid. The dying Bayard in his last hour gazed upon the cross upon his sword hilt to strengthen his knightly soul before he passed the mysterious portals of death; but our LEE followed the Cross in early youth, in mature manhood, and in old age, in victory or defeat, in war and peace, with humble and reverential tread, and bore it to the grave. The glories of his victories pale before the luster of his faith, and the splendors of his genius before the light of his virtues. Hereafter posterity will erect a monument of bronze or marble to commemorate the deeds and victories of the great Captain of America, and upon it, not inappropriately, might be inscribed some simple and half-forgotten lines, chiseled upon the grave-stone of an old soldier, which linger in my memory:

"When I was young I shed my youthful blood
On foughten fields for my dear country's good;
When I was old I only sought to be
Soldier for Him who shed His blood for me."

OBSEQUIES.

In the morning papers of the 15th instant appeared the subjoined notices:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, LOUISVILLE, KY., October 15, 1870.

To the Citizens of Louisville:

I would recommend that our citizens unite in paying a just and suitable tribute of respect to the memory of the late General ROBERT E. LEE by closing their places of business to-day during the time devoted to his funeral obsequies, between the hours of eleven A. M. and two P. M. It is requested that the church-bells be tolled during those hours, as will be the case with the bells of the engine-houses. I think that such an expression of respect may very properly be manifested by our whole community without doing violence to any political or party feeling. We should simply view the deceased as an upright American citizen, against whose private character there was no reproach, and whose many Christian virtues and eminent qualities of mind distinguished him as one of the great men of the nation.

JOHN G. BAXTER, *Mayor.*

The committee of arrangements appointed at the Confederate meeting issued this notice:

The telegraph having conveyed the intelligence that the funeral of the late General R. E. LEE will take place to-day at Lexington, Va., all business men of the city are requested, in accordance with previous arrangements, to close their respective places of business at ten o'clock A. M. for the day, through respect for the illustrious dead. The bells of the city will be tolled from six A. M. to six P. M.

W. F. BEASLEY,
J. M. KENNARD,
CHARLES SEMPLE.

The special committee of ex-Confederate soldiers issued the following order for the procession to St. Paul's Church.

In accordance with a resolution passed at the meeting of ex-Confederate soldiers on the evening of the 13th October to take action in reference to the death of General R. E. LEE,

all ex-Confederate soldiers are hereby requested to meet at eleven o'clock this morning in front of the court-house. They will there form in procession and proceed to St. Paul's Church, where a funeral oration will be pronounced by Rev. W. H. Platt, at half past eleven o'clock A. M., which corresponds with the hour of the services in Lexington. It is particularly requested that each ex-Confederate soldier will provide himself with crape for the left arm, as a badge of mourning for our deceased leader. The public generally are invited to the services.

The following named gentlemen are charged with the proper formation of the procession and its order of march: B. W. Duke, chief marshal; James M. Kennard, W. F. Beasley, J. L. House, H. G. Evans, John B. Castleman, and C. F. Billingsley, assistant marshals.

S. B. BUCKNER,
J. P. JOHNSON,
CHARLES SEMPLE.

The flags on all the city buildings, steamboats, newspaper offices, etc., were placed at half-mast; business was generally suspended; the courts adjourned; the three medical schools, the law schools, and other public institutions took a recess; there was every external token of a general sorrow, of a universal appreciation of the great Virginian, and of the loss which the world sustained in his death.

By eleven o'clock the roar of business had subsided to a sabbath-day stillness, broken only by the solemn tolling of the bells. The eye caught on every side long vistas of streets festooned with funeral drapery; pictures of the dead hero, decked with flowers and symbols of mourning, could be seen at every turn, surrounded by groups of citizens speaking in subdued tones and bearing on their faces the impress of a sorrowful veneration, such perhaps as the faces of our fathers wore when Washington died. From the portals of LEE's tomb, where good men of all shades of opinion bowed their heads in sincere reverence, the spirit of party shrunk abashed. The honors paid to his memory in this city were confined to no party—men of all shades of opinion united in a spontaneous tribute to the goodness of a great man.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church was filled to its utmost capacity. The ex-Confederate soldiers, about one thousand in number, with the badge of mourning on their left arm, filed into the church with heads and hearts bowed down with sorrow for the fallen Chieftain whom they had all loved so well, and took position in front of the altar and in

the aisles. The church was heavily draped in black. Every one of the vast assemblage seemed imbued with the solemnity of the occasion. The sound of the tolling bells, muffled by the massive walls of the church, fell upon the ears of the vast crowd with a mournful cadence. When the minister entered the pulpit to begin the sad rites the congregation was hushed as with the stillness of death. The services were the regular burial services of the Episcopal Church, and were precisely the same as those performed over the remains of the illustrious dead at Lexington, Virginia.

Never before was the solemn grandeur of the burial service so deeply impressed upon the minds and hearts of the hearers. The great grief of the people gave every sentence a painful interest.

The services opened with the funeral anthem, taken from the thirty-ninth and nintieth Psalms.

At the conclusion of the anthem Rev. Mr. Perkins, Rector of St. Paul's Church, read, in an impressive manner, the usual lesson from 1 Cor. xv. The choir then sang this

HYMN.

As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'T is that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

My life's brief remnant shall be Thine,
And when Thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to Thee.

DISCOURSE OF REV. W. H. PLATT.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" (2 Samuel iii, 38.)

The intelligence of the death of ROBERT E. LEE has flashed over the world and millions of hearts are in mourning. Around the bier of this great man how many august memories start and linger! The curtain of a deepening oblivion is drawn aside, and the panorama of the solemn past moves mournfully before the saddened vision of the soul. The scroll of the illustrious dead is again unrolled to our remembrance and the pantheon of our memory is again crowded with the martial forms of fame's immortal heroes. The southern people love their living and honor the memory of their dead defenders. Submissive though they are to the award of war's awful arbitrament, yet mothers, like Niobe, still weep for their sons that are not, and upon the streets are silent mourners with the tonnage upon their hearts of sorrow that will not away. But, however universal in every household is this affliction at deaths in the past, to-day we bury one whose departure, by special preëminence, leaves a sublime vacancy in the brotherhood of men. He was a representative character on the best and grandest side of humanity. Leadership in momentous issues is a high responsibility; but to lead magnanimously, with a firm will and a humane policy, when terrific passions swept a divided people with their consuming fires, and never to forget the lofty duties inspired by an advanced civilization, demanded those exceptional virtues which are seen only in the hero of the age. As I write my eye falls upon an editorial in a northern paper, which, as a summary of campaigns, and for a frank, honest, just concession to historic truth, and a freedom from partisan spleen, does high credit to the head and the heart of the writer. He says:

"The death of General LEE will bring everywhere tributes to his military genius. There are few events in all history more striking than his defense of Richmond from 1861 to 1865. With an army which was not one third, and during most of the time one quarter, as large as

the forces of his enemy, and ill supplied with munitions of war, he covered the Confederate capital successfully and bade defiance to all assailants. Army after army, abundantly supplied and splendidly equipped, were hurled against him, only to be badly defeated and thrown back on their resources. He destroyed McClellan on the Peninsula in July, 1862. He beat Pope in August at Bull Run. In December, 1862, he routed Burnside at Fredericksburg. In 1863 he overwhelmed Hooker at Chancellorsville and gained a most unparalleled victory. From May to November, 1864, his army killed and wounded more of Grant's troops than he had men, and the former could never have entered the metropolis of Virginia had it not been for the successes of Sherman on another line of operations. Although Richmond is but one hundred and twenty miles from Washington—not further than Columbus is from Cincinnati—although it is near Philadelphia and New York, and to the great centers of northern population, yet for forty-eight months with from 50,000 to 70,000 men he bade all the efforts of 250,000 soldiers defiance. This shows he had military skill of the highest order. He was the Ajax of the South. For years his army, and his army alone, stood between them and destruction. When he surrendered, and not until then, was the contest lost. His genius was not perhaps so well adapted to offensive warfare, but in the defensive he was equal, if not superior, to Fabius or Washington. With his small resources no one could have done better. The unfortunate invasions of Maryland and Pennsylvania in 1862 and 1863, which ended in Antietam and Gettysburg, were made against his advice and protestation. If France had had such a man to maintain the integrity of her territory, the Prussians would not have been to-day anywhere near Paris, and most likely would have been expelled from French soil. The odds which he contended against were greater than hers. He was a great captain in the science of military tactics, and even before the rebellion, in 1861, he had obtained the reputation in the old Federal army as being the ablest tactician in the service, which his after-career fully justified."

When the intolerant passions of the hour shall have softened to the patient temper of calm discussion and of fair and impartial judgment, I doubt not that military criticism will concede to the great Confederate genius of the highest order for both aggressive as well as defensive warfare. Time and the publication of his military journal will supply to history great explanations, and secure to General LEE the glories of great achievements where now seems only the cloud of misfortune and defeat.

His mind, like his person, was modeled upon exactest harmonies, with but few parallels and no superiors. God develops great characters only in great trials. Pattern virtues in pattern men are the gift and care of the Deity, and can not be lost to fame. A true hero is the solitary gift of an era of centuries. The mass of men must follow and revere. It was exalting to the feelings of the world who looked upon the conflict, and it should be the pride of this continent, that ROBERT E. LEE was of this land and age; that armies have been led by one whom

Christian philosophy had molded into the divinest type possible to mortal nature. Whatever others may say of his course, he was confessedly grand in it, right or wrong. He made high demonstrations of moral possibilities, and furnished to history the most crowded chapter of its annals. Was ever a cause, right or wrong, so glorified? Did ever great virtues more magnify themselves? However impoverished materially may be the South, she is rich in the deathless fame of ROBERT E. LEE, that is unsullied and radiant in all its sublime proportions. Success would not have enhanced it, while failure only ennobled and consecrated it. For four years the invincible LEE had hurled back from the Confederate capital army after army, though led successively by their ablest generals; he had enlisted his last man; he had consumed his last ration; surrounded by a devastated and mourning land, exhausted by his very victories, confronted by a still fresh and larger army, he surrendered with an assured fame his worn, wasted, but glorious veterans. To General Grant, above all presidential honors, this surrender is his vast renown, and left him nothing grander to design or accomplish.

As a citizen, his example was no less conspicuous. Like the brightness of the bow upon the frown of the storm, so were his hopefulness and serene grandeur amidst the perplexing and distressing chaos of defeat and disappointment. In a letter before me, dated May 12, 1865, after an allusion to the past, he says: "It is, however, useless to look back. Now that the South is willing to have peace, I hope it may be accorded upon a permanent basis; that the affections and interests of the country may be united, and not a forced and hollow truce formed, to be broken on the first opportunity. To this end all good men should labor."

As it was primarily for Virginia he drew his sword, so to her interest he devoted his days of peace. Virginia was his inspiration; her sons and daughters were his pride; her soil his home; her history his heritage; her prosperity his joy; and her sufferings his woe. When he could no longer serve her in the field, he called her youth to his side to teach them, in peace and good-will, the lessons of patient submission

and of hopeful effort. His submission was sincere and unreserved. He bore with intelligent calmness his own and with the deepest sympathy the accumulated misfortunes of his people, exhibiting to the world the rare example of failure without dishonor, submission without abjectness, and dignity without ostentation. Only a great man can fail grandly. As his splendid presence was the glory of the army, so the august simplicity of his life in peace was the remolding influence and impression of a people overwhelmed, revolutionized, and wasted. The eyes of the thoughtful looked to him for the line of action and the spirit of the hour. His mere word was still supremely potential. Millions learned from his example the dignity possible to misfortune, the self-respect and hopefulness of dutiful efforts, and realized the truth of God's word to man, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city."

His Christian principles and character were his crowning adornment, and above all else have passed within the vail. Not his sagacious strategy, not his remarkable campaigns, not his victorious battles, nor his great sacrifices now concern him. His love of the Savior and faith in the sufficiency of his atonement completed the beautiful symmetry of his character, and have now crowned him with everlasting life. I wish I could adequately describe the scene by the side of the death-bed of dear old Bishop Meade when the famous General knelt to receive his parting benediction.

For nine months during the siege of Petersburg I saw no little of his spiritual life. I shall never forget the scene when I read prayers and preached at his headquarters, unable from the shelling of the city to reach my church or open it for service. The place was one of peculiar and picturesque beauty. In the distance to the east were the lines of the Federal intrenchments, from which came frequent shot and shell upon the city and its approaches; opposite was the city with its tangled streets and rising spires; below and along the base of the bluff on which was his tent rolled with a sluggish tide the quiet Appomattox. From the cabins, barns, tents, and arbors of the vicinity around had gathered the refugees from the city, who had sought shelter

from the shells that swept over and through it by night and by day. Under a large and spreading live-oak were placed the table and prayer-book of the officiating minister, and around it gathered these houseless people and the great General of their armies. To the right and a little behind him sat General Beauregard and his staff, and still further to the right and rear were General A. P. Hill and his staff, with other generals and staffs, forming a congregation of several hundred, and comprising many of the most conspicuous men of the South. His manner at service was devout, attentive, and unaffected. At first many during prayer remained seated on their rude benches, but he was too great not to kneel to his God, and the example was contagious. His worship was a reality. He enjoyed and was strengthened by it. He had no speculative doubts of Christian truth, no reserve of faith, no questioning of God's providence. His faith was a clear, satisfactory, child-like trust. He loved God and little children. For the months of the siege of Petersburg, when the shelling abated or was only occasional, and many people returned to their homes, he was regularly at church, and sat in the minister's pew and with the minister's family; and when the congregation was dismissed it was no uncommon thing to see him leaving the church with a bevy of children clinging to his hands and coat, while his countenance beamed with benignity and peace. His fondness for children was undisguised and deep. It is said that one day in Richmond a number of little girls was rolling hoops on the sidewalk when word was passed from one to another that General LEE was riding toward them. They all gathered into a still group to gaze upon one of whom they heard so much, when, to their surprise, he threw his rein to his attending courier, dismounted, and kissed every one of them, and then remounting rode away with the sunny smile of childhood in his heart and plans of great battles in his mind. Once in Petersburg he called to see a child in whom he felt a special interest, and finding her sick begged to be shown to her room. When the mother, who was at a neighbor's for a moment, came home to receive him she found him by the bedside of her sick child, ministering to her comfort and cheering her with his words.

Who would not and does not love such a man? He who loves God and little children can feel no conciousness of guilt or of ill-will to his fellow-men. He loved his fellow-men. He was tender of life and suffering. The record of God accuses him of no wanton aggravation to the stern and bitter necessities of war. He made no war upon helpless women and children, the poor and the destitute. If he struck, it was at men threatening his home and the homes of the people who called him to defend them. There was no resentment in his warfare—no blows with passion. He ever seemed to live as one who must give an account to God. But there was in his religion faith without fanaticism, prayer without pretension, and an earnestness, gentleness, and simplicity that kept him tranquil in disaster and grand in the final catastrophies of fortune. Modest and humble, he blamed himself for his failures and glorified God for his success.

From these inner principles came an outer life and manner as graceful as they were serene and majestic. Nothing unworthy could abide his presence; yet all felt exalted by having seen and heard him. With him the weak felt strong and the good secure. Amidst a thousand a child would have selected him as its friend, and the pure and good of all ages and conditions ever felt him to be their pattern and champion.

In his person he was a paragon of manliness—tall, commanding, and courtly. He sat his horse with a matchless grace, and ravished all eyes and hearts with the peerless splendor of his personal and martial bearing. Many of you may have seen the hushed reverence with which his troops hailed his approach. When the resistless Jackson swept down the line a shout followed his form, but when the majestic LEE came, as the morning sun over a storm-ridden sea, all hearts bowed in unutterable devotion. He seemed to the southern troops and people more than mortal. Where he led all squadrons followed with unquestioning confidence. No one ever debated the wisdom of an order or suggested to him the possibility of an error. His decisions were accepted as the conclusions of the highest intelligence. What he did or advised was felt to be for the best, and what he failed to

accomplish no human power need attempt. The southern people feel that their generals were unequaled in the great art of war, and that their great Captain whom they mourn to-day takes his niche in the gallery of the greatest warriors of the world. As they can not and do not say that they failed because they were not sufficiently and gloriously led, the result therefore is less galling and reproachful. When LEE and the great captains who sustained him failed, and their flag went down forever, they knew that the best had been done that man could do. There was no effort to retrieve fortunes lost through incompetent leaders—no lingering, desultory, guerrilla strife in the wilderness and mountains. When the great LEE surrendered none doubted its necessity. No man ever so possessed the boundless confidence of a people, or was ever so beloved, even in his failures that developed the completed ruin of their homes and fortunes. To-day their hearts are in his coffin, and they mourn in a big and voiceless woe, not because he constructed for them a new government, not because he saved their homes from devastation, not because he brought their sons back to them bloodless and scarless, not because he wove and unfurled forever a new flag on sea and shore, not because he succeeded, but they love him because he left them inscribed in the calendar of time the hallowed glory of his sacred name and character. They say to the world, Look at him and where is his equal? He did not succeed as you wished success; but what, O Southrons, would you take for his fame? Henceforth, whatever material progress other sections may boast, the people of the South may point to the more than imperial renown of their Washington and their LEE, and say these are ours, of our own race and of our own blood and of our own color. No remapping of states, no spirit of government, no inevitable change of institutions can rob us of these glories—forever and forever they are ours and the world's. If this is all that is left us it is enough. We gave to history the proudest and purest name of all;

"For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages;"

and manhood is nobler that he lived as he did live, and died as he died.

And now, young men of the South, leaving to some future orator the more elaborate and formal eulogium upon the life, deeds, relations, and renown of the majestic dead, before the solemn words of dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes announce that all his mortality has forever passed away, let me before his open grave urge upon you his lessons of wisdom, and like him to wrest from misfortune its divine compensations in the future. You have submitted nobly and truly. The future belongs to the God of Hope. In cheerful patience, in efforts however humble, in virtue however tried, in discouragement however dark and protracted, observe the dignity and self-poising of your great leader as displayed in the fires of his adversity. Like some mountain pine, still erect and aloft in its towering solitude, though scarred by the lightnings of heaven, he remained in his repose, immovable in his moral sufficiency, equal to all vicissitudes, the conqueror of himself, and the pride of mankind.

Let disappointment disenchant your hearts
And lift them up to God; redeem the past
With self-suppressions, prayer, and high resolves
Live humbly, trusting God for future good;
Live for eternity, not time; see far
Beyond these eddies of events, these hours
Of joy and years of pain, the guerdon bright:
Immortal youth, and changeless love, and peace,
And ever-growing thought, and deep'ning fields
Of grandeur—angels, seraphs, jeweled hosts,
And uncreated light, O youth! O man!
O quenchless soul! O child of God! these, these
Survive the passions, wars, and names and deeds,
And proud report of man; survive the globe,
Survive the lofty stars and moon and sun;
Survive the years, survive the grave, survive
In God the trophies of redeeming love.

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